

The Student's Pen

VOL. VI

NO. 3

Merry Christmas

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL



Christmas Issue

December 1920

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

A REAL MAN

A real man never talks about what the world owes him, the happiness he deserves, the chance he ought by right to have, and all that. All he claims is the right to live and play the man.

A real man is just as honest alone in the dark, in his own room, as he is in public.

A real man does not want pulls, tips and favors. He wants work and honest wages.

A real man is loyal to his friend and guards his reputation as his own.

A real man is dependable. His simple word is as good as his Bible oath.

A real man does a little more than he promises.

A real man does not want something for nothing, so the get-rich-quick people cannot use him.

A real man honors a woman, any woman. He cannot hurt a woman, physically or morally. He sticks to his wife. He can be loyal even if love is impossible.

A real man minds his own business. He does not judge other people.

A real man always has excuses for others, never for himself. He is patient and charitable to them, to himself he is strict.

A real man is glad to live and not afraid to die.

A real man never hunts danger and never dodges it when he ought to meet it.

A real man's love is like a dog's, and that's saying a great deal.

A real man is—well, he is a real man, the finest, best, noblest, most refreshing thing to find on all the green earth, unless it be a real woman.

—Borrowed

APPRENTICE
SYSTEM

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword"

The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

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Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. VI

DECEMBER, 1920

NO. 3

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Has it ever occurred to you how the world today applauds acts and deeds done under full focus of the public eye? Those operations, upon which the press continually comments and magnifies, draw the attention of the human race. People fail utterly to grasp and to estimate the value of those works which are striving silently, steadily to build up and maintain the nation and its parts, those toilers and organs by which the morale and character of the nation are unconsciously upheld.

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This is especially true of a school and, as a school also must be upheld, we remark, on studying it out carefully the presence of practically unnoticed cogs which are working for the good of the school.

As athletics bring about a very intimate contact between the school and the outside world so is it vital to support and cheer for the progress of the teams; but there remains, like one of the silent workers of a nation, another symbol of the school and its activities and that symbol is the school paper.

The support of a school paper is just as important as the support of athletics for by that means is the school reputation molded and, after all, reputation counts pretty highly in the game of life. A school paper reflects directly on the school and the pupils of the school. Whether this reflection is pleasing or otherwise depends upon the support of the paper and that necessary support is the student body. Reputation is of no such negative value that it may be overlooked; on the contrary, it is of such a positive value that it must be obtained at whatever cost.

The Students of Pittsfield High want a paper with a good reputation and they should have it. But, stop and think, their steady cooperation is indispensable to the ultimate success of the paper. How can they look for a paper with a reputation for fine material without applying their own talent toward building it up? There is the balance upon which a good reputation sways, the efforts of the man behind the gun.

Start now to support your paper with the view of making of it a paper worth having, worth working for. If you will only do your best, the staff will certainly do its best, with the result that the paper will be more appreciated by everyone. Try it and see.



Saint Nicholas

Do we always stop to think, in these days of the Christmas rush, that we are searching and racking our brains for Christmas gifts, partly because of an old legend?

One day a rich young man was walking through the streets of his native town in Italy; it was near the time of the great festival of the birth of Christ. As he was passing the house of a poor nobleman, he heard a conversation something like this:

"Father, may we not go into the streets and beg, it is hard to starve.

"No, my children, I will pray God to save us from that disgrace. Wait one more night."

The young man hurried home. Taking one of the three bars of solid gold he had inherited he took it to the nobleman's house. He found he could leave it on the window sill without being discovered. He went the second night and left the second bar and the third night he left the third bar but this night he was discovered and the poor father who had thought the gold came from Heaven knelt at his feet. Nicholas lifted him up and said;

"Give thanks to God, for it was He who sent me to you."

The young man Nicholas grew up doing noble deeds all his life and many years afterward he was made a saint. He is the patron saint of the unknown givers of gifts and it is his spirit which prompts or should prompt us today in our giving.

A Twentieth Century Santa

'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.

The clock preparing to strike that mysterious hour of midnight was arrested in its action by a hand, with a short sigh it stopped and gazed wonderingly—a new Santa surely. A small disk of light bobbed uncertainly until it found the stairs. There it began to ascend. Slowly and cautiously

it mounted, paused before the first door and continued its course. Before the next door it stopped, the knob was turned and the door opened.

Once inside Red Whitley, accustomed to this work, began his search for certain papers. Again the small disk danced in circles on the walls. A swift survey of the room revealed nothing. Once more it faithfully made its rounds this time more slowly.

What was that? A step outside the door? Immediately all was dark. Reluctantly the door opened. Red, straining his eyes, discerned a small figure apparently in search of something. Groping his way around, the tiny man's hand came in contact with Red's rough clothing. The suspense was intense. Would the child scream? Paralyzed by the situation Red made no attempt to prohibit a sound from the child. Prepared as he was for a "quick get-away," he was entirely unprepared for the "Hullo, Santa" whispered by the tot.

Weakly he sank to the floor. He who had never professed belief in Santa, who had scorned the idea of Christmas, to be accosted in this manner. It was ridiculous, absurd, incredible. With an effort he forced himself to listen to the child's excited plea for his heart's desire.

After assuring the boy he would receive just those gifts, he took his departure. In deep thought he reached the street and began an aimless wandering. He was haunted by the three hungry looking, large eyed, faces of the neighbor's "kids," which he had noted as he ate his supper. They appeared in his mind now, their noses pressed flat against the window, their breaths steaming it and their hopes rising as some one glanced in that direction. A plan formulated itself in his mind. He would go to "old weazel" who sold toys and take a few of them just to revive their faith in that childhood fairy, Santa Claus. Whistling he stopped his wandering and started toward the toy shop which would be closed but could be opened with little trouble.

K. E. D. '21

Christmas on the Desert

For a week Sid Moulton and Angel Child had been watching the weather. Christmas was coming, the season that California celebrates in sunshine with flowers. But the Mojave Desert has its peculiarities. Its spring is often earlier than that of the coast and in the winter it is known to withdraw from the rest of the semi-tropics and swirl with snow. Mr. Joseph Moulton, Sid's uncle, had spent several days accumulating an extra supply of firewood, and openly stated that the boys would see snow before Christmas.

"You see the mornings are very clear," exclaimed Sid, "but each noon the clouds bank up on the mountains and soon blot out the sun, then the wind begins to sing."

"It's odd weather for a desert," admitted Child.

"Anyway I'd like to see snow," Sid remarked.

"But," said Child, "it makes it hard for the people who live in the shacks along the road. I heard that a woman and two children were found several years ago after they had been dead several weeks."

"Anyway I'd hate to spend Christmas alone—like some people I know."

Sid grinned. "I guess we won't spend it alone. Uncle Joe has already invited a lot of people and the house is simply stacked with mistletoe and desert holly, and Aunt Mary is always whispering to Uncle Joe and Big Rich asked me if the 32's would fit or not".

"But you have no 32 rifle."

"We didn't, but why did Uncle Joe ask Rich to get him some 32 cartridges?"

"Gee! if you get a rifle we'll go hunting mountain sheep."

"I saw a fellow last week who said he saw a band of sheep on the road from Old Woman Wells," Sid replied. Then his face fell. "I forgot. He said that woman whom we saw in the postoffice had left the place she was living on and nobody knew where she had gone. They think she was taken sick and tried to get somewhere but got lost in the desert. It's still five days to Christmas. I don't see why it isn't up to us to find the poor lady."

"But she lived way out beyond Box S," Angel returned, "how'll we get there?"

"Easy," replied Sid and went off to see his uncle. He returned with the news that his uncle could spare his car for the rest of the afternoon.

They were soon speeding along the Bear Highway, not stopping until they reached a sign on which appeared the name of Black Hawk.

"There's the house she camped in," said Sid, pointing to a cabin in the distance.

In fifteen minutes they stood by the door of the cabin. A few tracks showed that coyotes alone had visited the spot.

Once inside they peered around in the half darkness, a table covered with dust was set for three, a bed, a chair and a dried out water barrel completed the furniture of the room.

"She really left," murmured Sid.

Angel had raised a curtain and was staring around him curiously. "Look", he whispered, "That table is set for three people, I thought they said Mrs. Sparling lived alone."

"But where did she go," insisted Sid.

They searched the cabin high and low and finally found a card. Its message was an odd one. "You'll find me under your own vine and fig-tree."

"Huh! no fig-trees in this desert," Sid sniffed.

"Yes, there are Sid, and right by the fig-tree is a grape-vine. But its some forty miles from here. Are you game to go, Angel?"

"Sure, we can make it in an hour."

One hour later their road suddenly dipped into a depression a mile wide. In this depression a little cabin stood.

"Somebody's living there," murmured Sid.

"Sure. See the fig-tree behind the house and there's a big grape-vine on the other side."

The car came to a stop and the boys went up to the cabin. Mrs. Sparling was found by the boys lying in a bed, sick.

"How did you know I was here boys?"

Sid told her the truth. "Listen!" she whispered. "Nobody knows I am here and nobody must know. You won't tell a soul, will you. Now boys, go back and keep my secret!"

Soon the car was speeding back in the direction it had come. "Did you see the table in the house where the fig-tree is? It was set for three."

Sid nodded. "It's a mystery, Angel."

The day before Christmas they made another trip to Mrs. Sparling. They found Mrs. Sparling's husband accompanied by a sheriff, who had arrested Sparling, believing he had committed a robbery. At about this time the boys saw who the third member was. This member was Sparling's son, and now the mystery of the three plates was explained. As the first streaks of dawn showed, the sheriff pointed to the sky and mumbled, "There's the morning star right over the house as it was over the stable nineteen hundred and twenty years ago."

Desmond Johnson

The Widow's Christmas

It was the night before Christmas, that night of all nights, both for us and especially for the children. It brought to the minds of the children good old Santa landing on their roof tops with presents galore, and to the minds of the older folks came the beautiful meaning of Christmas, which made them feel charitable and kind to those less fortunate than themselves.

In a little rural community hidden away among the beautiful Berkshire Hills, the snow was falling steadily on this Christmas eve. Not a star was showing its little twinkling light, all the earth was dark and silent, except for the rustling of the fast falling snow as it found a crack or crevice to fill up,

Among the scattered farm houses lights sparkled upstairs and down, while in each window hung a huge holly wreath, telling of the happiness and peace within. Merry, happy children jumped or walked about, excitement making their faces ruddy as the red berries of the holly, and mothers ran upstairs and down with their faces alight with the glow of many suppressed secrets. Little children in nighties were carried off to bed, while visions of Santa Claus kept sleep away from their wide open eyes."

But in spite of the many things to do on Christmas eve, many mothers found time to think of Widow Andrews, and wished in their hearts that they could have done something for her. She had lost her husband three years ago and since then life had consisted only of trying to get food and clothing for her two little girls and herself, for it is very hard to get one's living from a stony farm which produces little or nothing, and of having help who cheated you simply because you were a lone woman.

On this Christmas eve, life seemed very bitter to the widow, for she had no presents to give the children. She had spent her little savings to get them a very simple Christmas dinner. She had made holly wreaths for the windows and had tried to be as cheerful as she could, but her heart had almost broken when little Elise had whispered tearfully,

"Santa never comes to our house any more, since Daddy went away."

Now that they were in bed there was nothing to stay up for, except to put a few oranges and a little candy in each tiny stocking. This did not take long and the widow felt a great relief when she turned her light out and went up to bed. Alone in her room the tears would come in spite of her resolve to be brave, but after that first outburst of disappointment, her heart found comfort, as numerous others do, in thinking of our Saviour. After earnestly praying for courage and strength, she fell asleep comforted.

Still the snow fell, not so fast now, but almost silently as though the earth itself was worshipping the little Child of Bethlehem, born so many years ago, and whose birth was the reincarnation of this world.

Through the snow waded a man bearing what appeared to be a sack on his shoulders. His beard and clothing was covered with snow, and one need not have stretched one's imagination much to think that he was Santa Claus, only the sled and reindeer were missing. He stopped at each scattered farm house, stayed a short time at each, and again commenced his journey. Not alone though, for at each stop a man with a sack on his shoulder would fall in behind this man, as soldiers behind their leader. Finally the last farmhouse passed they walked along silently, each breathing heavily, for the snow was deep and the sacks were heavy. They at last reached their destination, Widow Andrews' house, and as silently as they could they entered the house by the kitchen window, carelessly left unlocked. With

clumsy fingers but with light hearts, they filled the two tiny stockings to the very top, while on the floor under them they placed two dolls with real curls and with clothes that could be taken off and put on. Then they paid a visit to the kitchen, and piled the table up with all the things that go to make a bountiful Christmas dinner, with a huge turkey crowning the heap. Then having finished their gladsome task, they left the house as they had come, each going home with a warm, happy glow in his heart, at the thought of having helped a fellow being, and with a feeling of kindness for humanity, which only comes to those who give and to those who aid others with love as their main object.

Up in her room, Widow Andrews lay weeping tears of joy and happiness, for having been aroused by hearing a noise, she had crept softly down the stairs and had seen her neighbors so happy in their task.

Outside, the storm had ceased, the clouds gradually dispersed and the moon, rising in all its splendor, shed its light upon the snow wrapped earth and fell like a blessing on the curly hair and flushed cheeks of the widow's children.

—J. E. DeVoe '21

Into the Future

Long years ago, when we were Frosh we used to hear a lot about the new high school we'd have, and all that worthless stuff. We sat up there in seventeen and thought about the time when we would be the Seniors, so dignified and fine. We had visions of a building, that would put this one to shame, with no dark and gloomy corridors to be our halls of fame. Then the wind would whistle shrilly through the shingles on the roof, and we'd turn our collars up and keep on searching for the truth. Then we grew into our next stage, we were Sophomores, 'tis true, but the new high school still promised, we looked forward to it, too. We were only children, don't you know. We were innocent and soft, so we swallowed what they gave us; again it was put off. Then as Juniors we had noticed that the paint was chipping off, and the seats in the auditorium were not any too soft. But we thought, "Well, some day, before we leave this sphere, we'll see a better high school, we won't have to stand it here," But boy! do you remember the day when we grew up? We were Seniors, trim and dignified, our time was nearly up. This high school, still is coming, though we haven't seen it yet, we hope to see it some day, though we won't be here, you bet. So the years roll on at P. H. S., the time is going slow, the Frosh turn into Seniors, and the Seniors hate to go. Still, we hope to see in the future, some day before we die, a brand new building to cheer the hearts of the students of Pittsfield High.

—C. H. W. '21

Disillusionment

I wandered out one moonlight night
Along the shores of Nowhere;
Fate, passing by the moonlit waves,
With quickened steps, came up to me, and then,
She pressed a goblet to my lips—
'Twas called the Cup of Happiness.
And wondrous fair it was to see,
Adorned with many a brilliant gem
It shone and mocked the very moon,
I drank—sweet draughts of bliss and love,
While Happiness, the undefined,
Set up her kingdom in my heart.
And then that heart of mine was gay—
The very realms of Nowhere wide
Resounded with my laughter.
But suddenly, with devastating hand,
Fate rudely snatched the precious gem away,

And placed instead the Cup of Grief;
Plain, dark and unadorned it was—
Again I drank—unwillingly, but long,
And longer still, than from the jewelled cup,
And now—I cannot laugh or even smile—
The sweetened draught is gone,
And with it Happiness . . .
And, O what is this stonelike heart of mine
Wherein the king of Sorrow reigns
In 'thralling triumph over Joy?
A heavy, crushed, and lifeless thing,
Now a ray of hope lights up within,
But no; it flickers swift, and dies away,
My heart . . . it breaks.

—Anonymous

Snow in the Evening

Silently the snow is falling,
 Soft white flakes, upon the meadows,
 On the tree-tops and the branches,
 On the roofs of quiet houses.
 Flake by flake the snow is falling,
 Softly, silently and swiftly
 Flake by flake it falls, and covers
 All the quiet world of evening.
 For the sky is growing darker,
 Twilight deepens in the heavens;
 But the earth is growing whiter,
 Dark above and white below us;
 This is seen in winter magic.
 Then at last we cannot see it,
 Though we know the snow is gliding,
 In its pure and mystic silence,
 Downward still through winter night-time,
 Gliding to the ground in darkness.

—Erminie Huntress '22

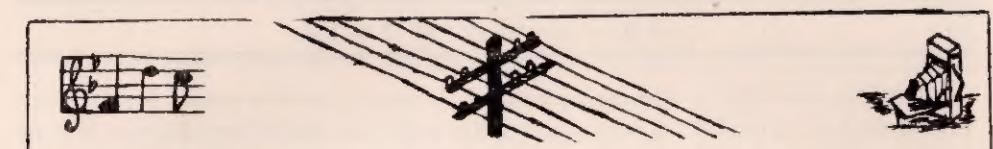
The Mistletoe

The mistletoe with man and maid
 Plays havoc, who can doubt it?
 For kissing started with its aid
 Continues on without it.

Once on a great oak deeply inlaid
 Grew mistletoe with berries bright,
 —The leaves are green, the berries white,
 When o'er one's head, then a kiss so light—

I took my sweet, pretty cousin for a walk
 'Neath the mistletoe bough,
 She did what I bid, and liked what she did,
 For there is one less berry there now.

—Thomas Flynn '23



Student Activities

Here you'll find in neat array,
 What we do and what we say.
 The whole month's news in fullest measure
 To be read at your pleasure.

Girls' League Notes

The High School classes of the League are progressing rapidly, under its new director, Miss M. Stevenson.

Owing to the large number of girls attending the gym class it was necessary to divide it, the Juniors and Seniors coming on Friday, Freshmen and Sophomores on Wednesday.

Basketball began in November with Miss Stevenson, the coach for the Juniors and Seniors, Miss Merrill for the Freshmen and Sophomores. The teams will be organized before Christmas, and the games will start directly after the holidays.

Miss Merrill has organized a class which is called "Leaders Squad," the following girls make up the squad, Etta Denison, Marion Cooke, Naomi Marcotte, Elizabeth McLaughlin, Blanche Olsted, Florence Steele, Ida Viale, Charlotte Wilson and Gladys Olsted. These girls act as assistant directors to the Grammar School Classes. (The arm bands which are worn by these girls do not mean lemon squeezers, or life savers, but Leaders Squad.)

Last but not least, the first of the series of League Dances will begin sometime in January.

—Gladys Olsted '21

Glee Club Notes

All you have to do, if you don't think the Glee Club is working, is to stop outside the auditorium and listen, any Tuesday morning. For the benefit of the new members, Mr. Smith has been going over several of last year's selections such as "When The Foeman Bares His Steel," and "Italia," Work

on "In Old Madrid" is almost at an end. Once in awhile when Mr. Smith's breakfast has agreed with him unusually well, he leads our happy throng through the chorus of "Love Nest" and "Alice's Blue Gown". At one meeting of the Club, the singers did without the accompaniment of the piano, as Miss Marion Patten, our pianist, was indisposed.

—J. E. B. '21

Young Men's Debating Club

The Young Men's Debating Club has been meeting regularly in the Lecture Room. We started with a smaller membership than usual, but following a campaign for new members, the enrollment is now up to fifty. The officers at present are: President, Thomas Joyce; Vice-President, Earl Crosier; and Secretary, John Barker, Jr. With Mr. Hayes as "conductor", some very interesting debates have been held. New members will be welcomed.

—J. B. '23

Electrical Club

The supervisor, Mr. Keaney, suggested the admission of freshmen and sophomores into the Electrical Club this year but owing to the large number that elected this work it has become impracticable to retain such a number because of the small facilities of the laboratory. A gradual elimination has been undertaken with the object of retaining five of each class composed of those who are willing to work and will take an active interest.

The club has been divided into groups so that each group is small enough to accomplish some definite work. Each group has a rotation of leaders changing at each meeting so that each member must take an active part. A gradual advance is being made in the fundamentals of electricity with wireless telegraphy as the final goal.

W. W. D., Secretary

To the Student's Pen

Notice

Watch for the end of the world:
When Roger Burns comes to school not tired;
When Cliff Heather gets to school on time;
When John Hopper loses his voice;
When Elaine Gamwell isn't happy;

When Pinky Mangan has his history lesson;
When Francis Fowler isn't finding fault;
When Edna May can be seen and not heard;
When Henry Barber doesn't meet "Ev" in the hall;
and last but not least when Eleanor Mapletoft doesn't believe all men
to be a nuisance and when Marion Mattoon is not excited—

—A Senior

Senior A Class Notes

The play "Engaged By Wednesday" has been decided upon. Rehearsals, under the direction of Miss Converse, are now well under way. Those in the cast are:

Martin Henry—The laziest man in the country—Frank Mangan.
Arthur Watson—The leading man—Herbert Bauer.

Jack—Thomas Killian	}	Friends of Arthur
Ted—Donald Ferris		
Dick—Roger Burns		

Miss Abigail Persons—A woman of ideas—Elizabeth McLaughlin.
Mrs. Watson—A gentle person—Arline Bates.
Lucile Persons—The leading lady, who has a charming personality—
Beatrice Anthony

Marie—Caroline Cooper	}	Friends of Lucile
Jane—Jane Hoag		
Mabel—Mary Cahill		

Mary—Martin Henry's aunt, also cook at the home of the Persons'—
Frances Fowler

Grace—Mildred Melin
Lillian—Dorothy Leonard.
Gypsies—Grace Tierney and Alice Sheerin.

The time of the play is the present and the scene is in Williamstown. Much excitement takes place during the course of the three acts, so much that one is kept guessing how the tangled affair of the plot can ever be unravelled. There will be extra attractions, which one can not afford to miss.

Here is another chance to show your school spirit. Support the play of your upper classmen by helping to advertise, to sell and to buy tickets for the play, which promises to be the best of all class plays ever given, due to the untiring efforts of Miss Converse and the willing response of the cast. As a student, it is your duty to attend, to find out, and to enjoy the excellent qualities of the play. Remember. Support! That is what we want to help

make our play a success. You will be well repaid as you will admit after you have witnessed the play, "Engaged By Wednesday."

Robert Costine has been appointed head usher of the play.

The class motto, Non Palmo sine Labore, meaning No Praise without Work has been decided upon.

—Ruth M. Gardner, Secretary

Senior B Class Notes

The Class that does things! What a fitting epithet is that, oh, my fellow-students. Who can dispute the fact that the Senior B Class has not done its share in arousing the spirit of the school to the very desirable pitch it has now reached? For was it not we who started the ball rolling? Was it not the remarkable insight of someone in the class to suggest selling tickets on North Street before the game? Was it not the Class of June, 1921 that sold most of the tickets for that memorable game? Was it not the undaunted and courageous spirit of the girls of the Senior B Class (and also of the boys) that enabled them to make this thing a success? And was it not the Senior B Class that had charge of that never-to-be-forgotten parade? Was it not "Joe" Fasce, a member of the Senior B Class, who led those inspiring cheers and songs Thanksgiving Day? Last, but not least, was it not loyalty and with kindly feelings for the welfare and success of P. H. S., that prompted us to present the school with a banner? It can be said with a clear and un-disturbing conscience that the Senior B Class is "THE CLASS THAT DOES THINGS."

Perhaps after this remarkable discovery, you would like to know a few other facts about this class.

The Class Banner is still in the possession of Room 16 since they had a 100 per cent class tax for November. Room 16 is like the Lion of Lucerne, guarding the Fleur-de-lis. They refuse to have anything short of a 100 per cent rank. Well, we'll see.

There are two other rooms and it is rumored that one of these rooms has a 100 per cent rank also, while the other is not far from that perfect percentage.

The class pins and rings arrived and were distributed in due time. It is a queer thing but most of the girls complain that their rings are a trifle large while the boys complain that their rings are a trifle small. Undoubtedly there is a reason.

—I. R. V. '21

Junior A Class Notes

Hi there! you students, who shake a wicked foot! Have you bought your tickets for the *Junior Prom*? Eventually, why not now? Start right away saving your pennies for this notable event and important class function, which is to be held in the Masonic Temple on *Wednesday, December 29*.

We have already done more than our share in the way of trying to make this affair a success. Three committees have been appointed. The chairman of the publicity committee is Alexander Milne and his able assistant is Winthrop Colton. John Waldron has charge of the checking, while Carl Uhrig is in charge of the interior decorating. The notorious Shire City Orchestra of eight pieces, led by "Jack" Taylor, will furnish music for the occasion, while Earl Persip will cater. Moreover the moderate sum of only 75c per ticket will be charged, in order not to force any members of the school into bankruptcy.

Fellow Students, can you afford to miss so glorious an event! We do not think so. Just think of these things—four solid hours of delightful dancing, the finest orchestra in the city furnished strains of music never to be forgotten, Earl Persip, Pittsfield's leading caterer, providing appetizing viands at a reasonable price, and our own special brand of punch which we will have in great abundance for you to sample—all for seventy-five cents!!! Can you beat this remarkable offer??

We'll see you at *The Prom*.

—C. S. Uhrig '22, Secretary

Junior B Class Notes

On December 10th, the Junior B's had a class meeting. Mr. Larkin, with the aid of a few in our class, drew up a constitution, which was to be read and then voted upon. The class tax was taken up very seriously and all agreed upon twenty cents a month. Mrs. Bennet, due to some misunderstanding, would not let the Juniors come to the class meeting.

Many good times are expected as soon as there is enough snow on the ground for sleigh rides.

Mr. Kallman proves to be a very good president, and expects to do a great many things before February.

Keep your eyes on the Junior B's.

George E. Emerson, Secretary

Notes

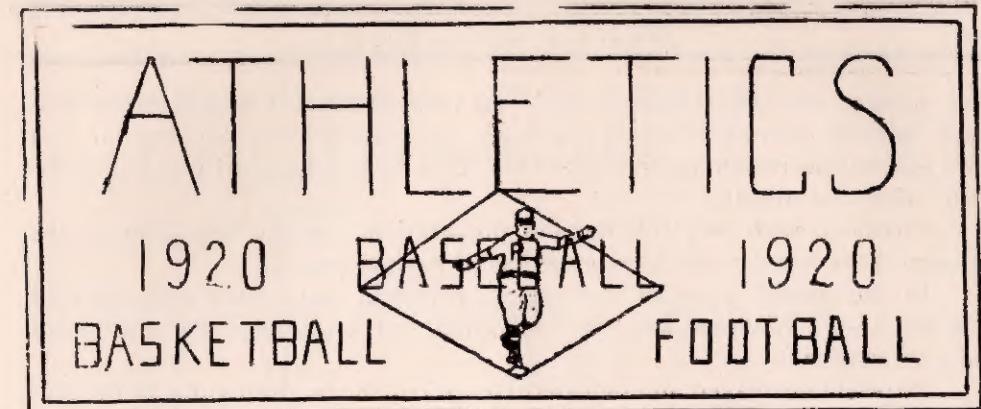
Bob Clark, once a member of Pittsfield High is now living at Long Beach, California, and attending the Long Beach Polytechnic High School of 2,800 students where he is receiving Military training. His title at present is Corporal Robert G. Clark, Company C., Long Beach, Battalion; Reserve Officers Training Corps; U. S. A.

Marshall Wood, an old supporter of Pittsfield High, has been playing football on the Varsity team of the Catholic University this past season. It is certainly a proof of real football ability for a Freshman to play on the Varsity.

How about it?

What would you think if you heard of:

Archie Morin staying home from a dance;
Clifford Shipton back for discipline session;
Irene Bliss not collecting money;
Norman Shippey without a pile of books;
Winthrop Colton with a new hat;
Henry Barber not interested in girls;
Frances Fowler not breaking hearts;
"Jake" Aronson with his Civic's lesson;
Roland Barnfather worrying;
Thomas Killian with his own pencil;
Robert Peck paying his nickel collection;
Lila Chandler not giggling;
Evelyn Lear with her pencil sharpened;
Cliff Heather with a "three" shoe;
Harvey Brownell not in a hurry;
Roger Burns teaching Sunday-School; or,
Winton Patnode not interested in elections.



P. H. S. 13; Dalton 0

In the last game of the season, P. H. S. defeated Dalton on the Common by the score 13-0. During the first period Pittsfield scored both touchdowns. The first, when Mangan standing under his own goal-post intercepted a Dalton forward pass and ran the entire length of the field for a touchdown. The second touchdown came in this period. After Jacobs had covered up a Dalton fumble Dolphin was sent across for another tally. This play was the prettiest criss-cross pulled off on the Common this season in the remaining periods. Dalton came back stronger and kept us from scoring farther.

Milne, Mangan, Dolphin, and Graves played brilliantly for Pittsfield while Woodlock did the best work for Dalton.

The line-ups:

PITTSFIELD	DALTON		
Hall	l.e.	r.e.	Croughwell
Burns, Goodman,	l.t.	r.t.	E. Hoxie
Wheeler, Steenrod, Barnes	l.g.	r.g.	Depew, Mann
Gregory	c.	c.	Stephens
Hopper	r.g.	l.g.	Adams
Graves	r.t.	l.t.	La Mountain
Jacobs, Whalen	r.e.	l.e.	Culverwell
Mangan	q.b.	q.b.	Depew
Dolphin	r.h.b.	l.h.b.	Connors
Milne	l.h.b.	r.h.b.	Hoxie, Gilbert
Wood, Peck	f.b.	f.b.	Woodlock

Score: Pittsfield 13, Dalton 0. Touchdowns, Mangan, Dolphin. Goal from touchdown, Milne. Time, one 10, and three 12 minute quarters.

Pittsfield finished its football season with a record of four victories and three defeats, capturing second place in the Northern Berkshire League

and winning the city championship. In view of the fact that the team was built almost entirely of green material, there being only one regular and two substitutes remaining from the 1920 team, Coach Leonard was well satisfied with the results.

Pittsfield, with only five days of preparation, lost the first game of the season to the heavier and more experienced Adams team 12-0.

In the second game of the season, Pittsfield came back and defeated Dalton 13-0. Mangan was the individual star and scored one touchdown on a 90 yard run.

Pittsfield outplayed and defeated Drury 7-0, in the third game of the season. Jacob's scored the touchdown on a forward pass.

Drury came back and defeated Pittsfield 21-7, in the fourth game. Pittsfield's only score came in the second period when Mangan, picked up a Drury fumble and carried it across the line for a touchdown.

The strong Adams team again defeated Pittsfield 28-7 in the fifth league game. Mangan scored Pittsfield's only touchdown in the third period.

In the last league game, Pittsfield again defeated Dalton 13-0. Dalton was completely out-classed and never threatened Pittsfield's goal line. Mangan scored one touchdown on a 100 yard run.

On Thanksgiving Day, Pittsfield won the city championship by defeating St. Joseph's High 6-0. McNaughton scored the touchdown in the second period on a forward pass. Milne was the star of the game.

The following players won their "P". Captain Mangan, Dolphin, Wellman, Wood, Peck, Gregory, Jacobs, Hall, Carey, McNaughton, Milne, Graves, Burns, Steenrod, Goodman, Hopper, Wheeler and Barnes.

Of these players, Captain-elect Graves, Wood, Wellman, Gregory, Carey, McNaughton, Steenrod, and Goodman will be eligible to play next year.

Pittsfield	0	—	Adams	12
Pittsfield	13	—	Dalton	0
Pittsfield	7	—	Drury	0
Pittsfield	7	—	Drury	21
Pittsfield	7	—	Adams	28
Pittsfield	13	—	Dalton	0
Pittsfield	6	—	St. Josephs	0
Pittsfield	53	—	Opponents	61
			Totals	

Mangan led the Pittsfield scorers with a total of 30 points.

	Touchdowns	Points
Mangan	5	30
Dolphin	1	6
Jacobs	1	6
McNaughton	1	6
Goals from Touchdowns		Points
Burns	4	4
Milne	1	1

Adams 24; P. H. S. 14

The first basketball game of the season was lost to Adams on the Boys' Club floor by a score 24-14. Despite the lack of practice and the lack of weight our boys played well. The only time that Pittsfield threatened was in the second half but the reliable Wagenknecht was rushed back into the game.

Mangan, Bridges, Dolphin played the best for Pittsfield while Wagenknecht and Weston starred for Adams.

The line-up:

ADAMS	F. G.	F. B.	Total
Schroeder, l. f.	0	0	0
Wagenknecht, r.f.	2	2	6
Weston, c.	4	0	8
McIverney, l.g.	0	0	0
Ranier r.g.	3	0	6
Adams, l.f.	2	0	4

PITTSFIELD	F. G.	F. B.	Total
Dannibuski, l. f.	2	0	4
Bridges, r.f.	1	0	2
Mangan, c.	2	4	8
Ferris, l.g.	0	0	0
Dolphin, r.g., l.f.	0	0	0
Goodman, l.g.	0	0	0
Burns, r.g.	0	0	0
Jacobs, r.g.	0	0	0

Score at half time, Adams 10—P. H. S. 7. Fouls called on Adams 7, on P. H. S. 7. Referee, Childs. Time, 20 minute halves.



We receive the following exchanges and they may be found in the library at any time if the students wish to read them:

The Blue and Gold, Malden High School, Malden, Mass. Your weekly papers are very good and are always welcome here.

The Acorn, Jefferson High School, Roanoke, Va.

The Catamount, Bennington High School, Bennington, Vt. Your paper is good and has very good School and Alumni notes but why are your exchanges mixed in with the Athletics?

Bangor Oracle, Bangor, Me.

The Cardinal and Gray, Brandon, Vt.

The Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y.

Your paper contains some very clever cuts but why omit entirely an exchange department?

Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.

The Enigma, Lenox, Mass. Your paper has a very good literary department but your jokes could be improved.

The Garnet and White, West Chester, Pa.

Kent Quarterly, Kent, Conn.

The Magpie, Waterbury, Conn. Your paper contains some very good poems and stories but a few jokes might improve it.

The Recorder, Syracuse, N. Y. Your magazine is exceedingly well written and the "Corridor Gossip" is especially interesting but please tell us the name of your exchanges.

The Register, Burlington, Vt.

The Roman, Rome, Georgia. Your paper is very interesting and your departments show good preparation. Your jokes are especially good.

S. H. S. Echoes, Springfield, Vt. Your paper contains a splendid literary department but where are your advertisements?

The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass. You must have some clever artists. Why not get them busy and have some cuts? Your paper would then be excellent, and how do you run it without advertisements?

Ypsi-Sem, Ypsilante, Mich.

Chatham High School Paper, Chatham, N. Y.

The Oracle, Manchester, N. H.

The Periscope, Great Barrington, Mass. Your paper is very interesting but an exchange department would improve it.



Ye Poll Parrot

Artistic?

Editor to J. Burt—"Your narrative is too highly colored."

J. B.—"In what way?"

Editor—"Why in the very first chapter you make the old man turn purple with rage, the villain turn green with envy, the hero turn white with anger, and the coachman turn blue with cold."

A Safe Prophet

She—"Do you know anything about palmistry Cliff?"

C. H.—"Oh, not much, although I had an experience last night which might be considered a remarkable example of the art you mention. I happened to glance at the hand of a friend and I immediately predicted he would presently become the possessor of a considerable amount of money. Before he left the room he had a nice little sum handed him."

She—"And you foretold that from his hand?"

C. H.—"Yes it had four aces in it."

A tribute written in French to some extent, to Beatrice Anthony by one of the honorable boy members of the Senior A class.

Mile:

Je ne crois pas que vous avez craze mais vous êtes très harsh dans la use de votre langue. Si vous n'êtes pas tres careful je might demande vous pour some information dans regard to votre personal connections avec la—play. Il est possible que vous etes interresant dans la part de leading femme. Je pense que parceque de votre jolie visage que vous êtes capable de attracting un grand multitude à ces old halls of fame. (Amen).

—R. C.

Nobody Home

Mrs. B.—"Do you know why I am not going to pass you?"

W. P.—"I can't think."

Mrs. B.—"You've guessed it."

As he figures it out after extensive study of argumentation, including Burke:

"Helen I love you."

"To prove you love me."

1. I love you.

2. All the world loves a lover.

3. But I am a lover.

4. Therefore, all the world loves me.

5. You are all the world to me.

6. Therefore, you love me."

Slander

Counsel—"Was the prisoner sober?"

Witness—"No, sir, he was as drunk as a judge."

The Judge—"You mean as drunk as a lord!"

Witness—"Yes, my lord!"

—London Tit-Bits

P. H. S. Faculty

A Hayes hung over the river

At the dawn of Day.

Over the dark green water

A large boat Sayles away.

Down the river Jordan

With a cargo of Cole,

For many weary hours

Down the stream it stole.

At last when Knight came

The moon rose o'er the hills

Converse-ation died away

When they reached the Mills.

—Howell I. Hyde

Current Fiction

"Excuse me!"
 "I beg your pardon!"
 "Be sure and come to see us!"
 "I've had a lovely time!"
 "We've never had a cross word since we've been married."
 "I'll pay you this to-morrow sure."
 "I'd rather have my Ford than your big car."
 "Oh, it's no trouble at all."
 "That was a heavenly dance."
 "I enjoyed the song you sang so much!"

Cooney (in English class)—"—whether t'is nobler to suffer . . . to suffer
suffer . . ."

Mr. Carey—"Yes, you've suffered enough; come back at 1.30.

Nature Again

Archie Morin and his father were having their picture taken, when the photographer said to Archie,

"It will make a better picture if you put your hand on your father's shoulder."

"But", interrupted the elder Morin; "It will make a more natural picture, if he puts his hand in my pocket."

He Knew

Teacher—"Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause?"

W. P.—"Course I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house Sunday and he paused for half an hour."

Sanity Test

Pat—"I've been thinking seriously of getting married."
 Jim—"Oh well, you are safe then."
 Pat—"What do you mean?"
 Jim—"Why if a sensible fellow like you really thinks seriously about it, he'll decide not to."

Regular Cup Winner

"What are these cups for?" asked a well-dressed man of a jeweller, pointing to some lovely silver cups on the counter.

"These are race-cups to be given as prizes."

"Well let's race for one," said the stranger and cup in hand, rushed out of the door, the jeweller after him.

The stranger won the cup.

The Idea!

He—"What does your father see in me that he objects to so much?"

She—"Nothing, that's what he objects to."

Modern Translation

Parson—"Do you know the parables, my child?"

John H.—"Yes, sir."

Parson—"And which of the parables do you like the best?"

John H.—"I like the one where somebody loaf and fishes."

A Treatise on the Maladies of Carnivorous

Quadrupeds Inhabiting the Terrestrial Sphere.

In Six Installments

Spasm I

Prof. Amphibrachius

Backache

The nostalgia which is often attributed to the mastication of petaloid fungi is in reality due to a phlegmatical secretion on the left side of the spinal cord. The imponderable constitution of this matter renders it inappreciable in regard to terrestrial gravitation. Therefore, the abduction of the aforesaid materialistic yet inappreciative substance, which the cure of nostalgia necessitates, is quite impossible. For this reason many of our magnanimous four-footed associates are irrevocably becoming, slowly but efficaciously, extinct.

Miss Morris (to Class of Frosh)—“Is there anyone who can use paradise in a sentence?”

Brilliant Frosh—“My brother shoots crap with a pair-a-dice.”

Mrs. Bennet to Senior Class—“What is noticeable in any small New England town?”

E. Clug (very frustrated) —“Well , you always see a chicken run across the middle of the road.”

J. T. H.—“I never try to parade my virtues.”

F. F.—“No, it takes two to make a parade.”

W. Colton—“I just happened to run into an old friend downtown.”

A. Morin—“Was he glad to see you?”

W. C.—“Indeed not, I broke his leg.”

Mr. Sylvester—“Was that another girl I saw you with last night, Heather?”

Heather—“Nope, the old one painted over.

Child—“Mother, do actors go to Heaven?”

Mother—“Yes, if they are good.”

Child—“Well, mother, will Charlie Chaplin go to Heaven?”

Mother—“Yes, if he is good.”

Child—“Won’t God laugh when he comes walking in?”

—*The Roman*

He placed his arm about her waist
The color left her cheek
But on the shoulder of his coat
It stayed about a week!

Local Talent

We swallowed a cake of Naptha soap and now we're forever blowing bubbles.

C. Heather
E. Coster

Heard Daily in Room 16

R. Gardner and B. Anthony—“Bea, got your vanity case?”

“Has anyone seen the girl in “Pinky” Mangan’s watch?”

Sat in Two Forms

In the springtime of our love,
Cupid hadn’t touched my heart,
When we sat in the garden cove,
We—sat—thus—far—apart.

In the summer of our love,
The days were full of bliss
When we sat in the Morris chair
We—sat up close like this.

—M. J. L.

Too True

Inquisitive Miss—“Did you find the South Africans fierce?”

Returned Missionary—“No, they were very kind. They wanted to keep me for dinner.”

Who?

First drunkard—“Do you know Mike McCarty?”

Second drunkard—“What’s his name?”

First drunkard—“Who?”

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Burns: "Where did you get that black eye?"

Hopper: "I told the conductor I was traveling on my face, and he punched the ticket."

C. C.: "What do you think of the idea of men wearing knickerbockers to bring down the cost of clothing?"

Barnfather: "They might as well leave out the hip-pockets. There isn't any use for them since the country's gone dry."

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Teacher (to M. P.): "Decline hic in all genders."

Marion P.: "Hic haec hoc

Hugus hugus hugus

Quick quick quick

What Next?

T. J. K. (in geometry class): "Next, construct a round circle."

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Merry Christmas

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL



Christmas Issue

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